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PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIV SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., JUNE 10, 1914. No. 23.

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A PRAYER BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

O Giver of Thyself, at the vision of thee as joy let our souls flame up to thee as the fire, flow on to thee as the river, permeate thy being as the fragrance of the flower! Give us strength to love, to love fully, our life in its joys and sorrows, in its gains and losses, in its rise and fall! Let us have strength enough fully to see and hear thy universe and to work with full vigor therein. Let us fully live the life thou hast given us, let us bravely take and bravely give! This is our prayer to thee. Let us once for all dislodge from our minds the feeble fancy that would make out the joy to be a thing apart from action, thin, formless and unsustained! Wherever the peasant tills the hard earth, there does the joy gush out in the green corn; wherever man displaces the entangled forest, smooths the stony ground, and clears a homestead, there does the joy enfold it in orderliness and peace. O Worker of the Universe! We would pray to thee to let the irresistable current of thy universal energy come like the impetuous south wind of spring, let it come rushing over the vast fields of the life of man, let it bring the scent of many flowers, the murmurings of many woodlands, let it make sweet and vocal the lifelessness of our dried-up soul life! Let our newly awakened powers cry out for unlimited fulfillment in leaf and flower and fruit!

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

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A SIGNIFICANT WORLD-EVENT ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Long time Japan was closed to the Bible. Francis Xavier was the first missionary to Japan. He went there from India in 1549. For some time Christianity spread in Japan as rapidly as in other countries. But early in the 17th century many of the people began to think that the priests and native Christians were trying to get possession of the government, and subject them to foreign rule. Accordingly most of the foreigners were ordered to leave the country, and soon there were to be seen here and there such notices as this: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christians be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the king of Spain himself or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, shall pay for it with his head."

In 1621, a law was enacted which forbade the Japanese to leave their country for any purpose whatever; all vessels except the smallest were deseroyed and a law passed which prohibitted the building of any large enough to reach other lands.

Then for two hundred years the nations of the world knocked in vain at tight-closed gates.

Missionaries, if they did manage in rare instances to creep in, were thrown into prison or put to death.

In 1853 Commodore Perry, with an insistence that would not take "No" for an answer, managed at last to be allowed to deliver a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan.

One Sunday in July as Perry's ships lay in Yedo bay and the Japanese visited them he caused to ring out over the waters, to the tune of Old Hundred, the words of the hymn:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

* * * * * *

"Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years must cease to move."

His errand accomplished, Commodore Perry sailed away. A year later he was back again in Yedo bay. The little seed sown for the opening of Japan to the trade of the world had borne fruit, and soon treaties were signed, which enlarged in later years, have thrown Japan open to all world-wide influences.

The missionaries and the Bible went in in 1859, and the Christian religion became in a few decades a great moulding power throughout the nation.,

In ever increasing numbers the people of Japan have sought the "White Man's Book of God," and yesterday afternoon out on San Francisco bay there occurred one of the highly significant events of the age in which we live.

The American Bible Society, through its Pacific Coast secretary, the Rev. Wesley Mell, had arranged with Admiral Kuroi for the presentation of Bibles to the Japanese Training Squadron on the cruisers now anchored in the bay.

Christian Japanese in San Francisco had part also, and the presentation services on the cruiser were under their direction. After an address in Japanese, Mr. Mell introduced the Rev. Dr. Aked, who, addressing Admiral Kuroi, thanked him for the courtesy and kindness in the privilege which had been accorded them in that they had been allowed to come to him and the squadron with the Book. which our people held dear and on which only was founded any real claim which we might make to greatness.

In the course of his address Dr. Aked paid glowing tribute in a thrilling manner to the achievements of Japan, and his words were such as will serve doubtless to cement more firmly the bonds of friendship between the two nations.

Assuring his hearers that we had no desire to make light of any faith which they might hold, but that we did desire them to know what the Bible had been to us and to other peoples, Dr. Aked exalted the Book in such a way as to leave deep impress.

Richly-bound copies of the Bible were presented Admiral Kuroi and the Commander, and large boxes containing many hundreds of other copies were left for the members of the Training Squadron.

The Admiral, in response, said that it was a great kindness to him and to his men, which was appreciated highly.

That which happened on San Francisco bay yesterday afternoon will be one of the bridges being built these days across the Pacific, and will hasten the coming of the day when all races and all peoples will dwell together in one great brotherhood.

AN IMPRESSIVE GRADUATION SERVICE.

The Guild Service and Ritual of Graduation of the San Francisco State Normal School presented in the Greek Theatre in Berkeley last Sunday afternoon was very impressive. The graduation class must have had impressed on their minds as never before the sacredness of the work to which they are to give themselves..

The whole service was in keeping with the Invocation of the heralds, whose words were:

"Thou who on marble tablets wrought the law

And spake Thy word in thunders from the clouds,
On Sinai's top; Thou who didst teach Thy way
To Job, and who of old didst give the light
To prophets, look Thou down from mighty heights;
Inspire our humble word that we reveal
Thy truth this day: our solemn pledge sustain
For we a covenant intend to make
With Thee, and with the children of the land,
And with the State, in ceremonial rite."

The whole summons of the service was to womanhood in its loftiest conception.

As the one who represented Woman entered at the call of the heralds, she was greeted in these words:

"Born to the spirit of service,
Living in deeds of grace,
Lifting the weak and the weary
Fighting the sodden and base,
Serving humanity's purpose,
Spreading the gospel of light,
Woman, thou art teacher,
And thy name is the tow'r
of thy might

"Inspiring the trust of childhood,
Guarding the faith of age,
Giving thy kindly mercies,
Trials of life to assuage;
Bearing the daily burden,
Through time's unchanging length
Woman, thou art mother,
And thy name is the tow'r
of thy strength."

And the response of woman was:

"There is a kingdom in the human heart
Whose light is duty, and whose loveliness
Is joy in duty. Wherefore understand
The purpose and intent of this, our rite
And ceremony: For the light to see
The breadth and depth and height of woman's work
To guard and nurture children; for the joy
To call that work a privilege; that thus
We come to make the kingdom in our heart
A very paradise wherein our love
Is sweeter for our work, and all our work
Is better for our love."

The consecration of those who graduated was not merely to professional ideals—not to teaching only, but to all that makes for true living.

They were charged to teach the children Life—"that they may be living men among the living."

For the teachers themselves there was the lesson of Human Fellowship. They were charged to so live as to keep alive within the fires and impulses of human feeling—so that, summoned to something other than the work of the teacher in the school room, they could go with the realization that their lives as teachers had deepened their human sympathies, had made them truer women.

The San Francisco Normal School and the State of California should be congratulated because of this beautiful and profoundly impressive Ritual of Graduation.

The Greek Theater was crowded Sunday afternoon. The hearts of those who heard and saw were lifted up toward the Infinite and inspiration acquired for truer living.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

A TANGLE.

The Pacific Baptist quotes from The Pacific the statement of a Presbyterian minister that the most Christ-like member of his congregation and the superintendent of his Sunday-school is a Unitarian in faith. And to our question, what should be done about it? answers:

"We are glad to believe that it would not take any Baptist church very long to answer that question. Though an angel from heaven were to come to superintend the Bible school of any evangelical church, and yet proclaimed himself an unbeliever in the deity of Christ, he should be rejected."

In his great desire to lay emphasis on the doctrine of the deity of Jesus the editor of The Pacific Baptist it seems to the present writer, has heedlessly taken a position which cannot be maintained without a surrender of some Bible teachings.

If an angel from heaven should come proclaiming unbelief in the deity of Jesus, wouldn't there be every reason for accepting his declaration? Dr. Torrey in his book, "What the Bible Teaches," says: "Angels are ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation." And Dr. Augustus H. Strong, the eminent Baptist theologian, generally taken as authority among Baptists, says in his great work on "Systemateic Theology" that angels are possessed of superhuman intelligence and power, yet an intelligence and power that has fixed limits; "that they execute God's will,—by working in nature, by guiding the affairs of nations, by watching over the interests of particular churches, by assisting and protecting individual believers," etc.

According to the Scriptures it was an angel of the Lord that stood by Paul and said: "Fear not Paul; for thou must stand before Caesar; and lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee."

It was an angel of the Lord that gave to Zacharias the astounding information that Elizabeth should have a son. It was unbelievable on all usual and ordinary grounds, but Zacharias believed it because the angel said so.

It was an angel that appeared to Joseph and said: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost."

The editor of the Pacific Baptist does not hesitate to receive these angelic announcements, why should he balk at an angelic denial of the deity of Jesus if it should be put forth? He cannot have in mind an evil angel, for he uses the words "an angel from heaven." We read in Luke: "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

We dislike to think that the angel made a mistake, and that the beggar did not belong there. But, according to our Baptist contemporay, angels, creatures that are sent out on God's errands, can make mistakes. The declaration is that we must not believe them in all cases. Angelic power, of course, is not divine power. But we have no knowledge of an angelic messenger from heaven ever doing anything it was not commissioned to do.

Will the Pacific Baptist editor please make strenuous endeavor to get us out of this tangle, into which he has

either wittingly or unwittingly led us? By us we mean himself and the present writer and everybody who has read his remark.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE — THE HINDU POET AND MYSTIC.

A lover of the beautiful in literature says of the verses of Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and mystic, whose writings came only a few months ago to the attention of the English reading public: "These verses will not lie in little well-printed books upon ladies' tables, who turn the pages with indolent hands that they may sigh over a life without meaning, . . . or be carried about by students at the University to be laid aside when the work of life begins; but as the generations pass, travelers will hum them on the highway, and men rowing upon rivers. Lovers, while they wait one another, shall find in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth."

Another has said concerning Tagore's religious poems that none of recent times have been so universally acclaimed except perhaps Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." "For not only are they exquisite in the simplicity and purity of their style, but the thought is of a delicacy and pathos that has rarely been equaled in English verse; and these song-offerings breathe a restrained passion and a pure devotion to the Unseen Lover which remind one constantly of the psalms or of the utterances of Christian mysticism at its best."

Written originally in Bengali, these poems and prose writings, now attracting world-wide attention, have been translated into English by the author himself, who in his hermitage home in India is often seen going about with the latest English literary and philosophical books in his hands.

Rejoicing in life, as it has been lived in India, he rejoces also in life as it has been lived elsewhere. The East and the West, he believes, has each its special contribution to make in the evolution of man. Diving, as India has, in her contemplative way, into the depths of existence, he believes that she "has achieved something which surely cannot be without its value to people whose evolution in history took a different way altogether."

"It is best for the commerce of the spirit," says Tagore,, "that people differently situated should bring their different products into the market of humanity, each of which is complementary and necessary to the others."

That great poetry should come out of India is not surprising. It is born in the contemplative life. Moreover, a native Hindu says, in a recent article in the Yale Review, that poetry is a part of the daily life of India.

"The first blessing the newly born babe receives on entering this world is in verse; when the growing child does anything improper, the mother recites a little poem, telling him of the unwelcome consequences of such a deed; when the child goes to school, the first letters of the alphabet are given in verse. . . . Most of the subjects the Sanskrit scholar has to learn are written in verse."

When Tagore, at the age of five, read two short sentences which rhymed, he felt an ecstatic thrill, an inexplicable joy. It was about falling water and trembling leaves, that he read, and all that day his heart was leaping with joy as the water went on spraying and the leaves rustling in his inner consciousness.

Tagore was a nature-loving child, and he was always restless in the school room; it was bondage to him.

Among the happiest of his boyhood days were those spent in the Himalaya mountains, where roaming from height to height he found comradeship and comfort in the rocks, and trees and springs, and the unlimited sky bending over him.

At the age of fourteen he was taken from school because of truancy, and his eldest sister said concerning him despairingly: "We all expected that Rabi would make his mark in the world; but our hopes have been nipped in the bud by his waywardness, and now he will be the only unsuccessful man in the family."

Some years before, when on the way to the Himalayas with his father, he would write little poems as they tarried on the grass or under the trees. And now, out of school at fourteen, he essayed a musical drama, in the playing of which he took later, a prominent part, acting then, as often in later years, in such a fine way as to lead dramatic critics to say that he would have been a great actor if he had chosen the stage.

At the age of seventeen he was sent to London to study for the bar. Rebelling soon again against compulsory study he was back within a year to his beloved Bengal, where for five years he led what he afterward wrote of as a life of "extreme wildness and irregularity." He had longings which he says "did not know themselves, nor did they know the purpose of their existence."

It was with these youthful days in mind, doubtless, that he wrote in later years in his poem, "The Gleaming Vision of Youth":

"I run as a musk-deer runs in the shadow of the forest,
mad with his own perfume.
The night is the night of mid-May; the breeze is the
breeze of the south.
I lose my way and I wander; I seek what I cannot get;
I get what I do not seek.
From my heart comes out and dances the image of my
own desire.
The gleaming vision flits on.
I try to clasp it firmly; it eludes me and leads me
astray.
I seek what I cannot get; I get what I do not seek."

At the age of thirty, or thereabout, a great awakening came to Tagore. It is referred to in his prose poem, "Fountain Awakened from Its Dream:":

"Something inexplicable has happened; my whole being is aching with an awakening, and I hear at a distance the call of the Great Ocean. Yes, it calls! It calls! The Great Oceans calls! And yet, and yet—at this moment, why all these walls around me? Still my heart hears the call that says:

"'Who wishes to come? Who wishes to come? Those that wish to come do come after breaking the stone walls of bondage, after bedewing the hard world with love, after washing the forests into new green, after setting the flowers abloom, after comforting the broken heart of the world with the last breath of their life—if, then, any soul wishes to enter my life, then come, come!'"

And Tagore's answer to the call was:

"I come, I come—where is He and where is His country? I do not care; I shall pour forth the last drop of the water of my life in this world, and I shall sing tender songs, and my anxiety-stricken heart shall mingle its life with the life of the distant Ocean."

It is said that at once writings of great worth and of permanent value began to come from Tagore with remarkable spontaneity.

Something occurred about this time which gave his life a thoroughly practical trend. Asked by his father to take charge of a family business in the Bengal villages he lived for several years in a house-boat on the rivers and in close communion with nature. At the same time he came in touch with the peasant farmers and ministered to them in various ways. He studied homeopathy so as to minister to them in sickness, and day and night responded to all calls.

One of his countrymen, who was educated at the University of Calcutta and the University of Wisconsin, says his patriotic poems and songs have done great things for India. "His lays of ancient India have for many years years been recited by schoolboys and schoolgirls before large audiences on all important occasions. These lays inspire love and pride for the India of yesterday. And his patriotic songs deal with the present complex situation, and inspire the people to suffer, to sacrifice, and to unite for national regeneration."

Tagore's prayer for his country is:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where works come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches the arms toward perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake!"

His only son, who is a graduate of the agricultural department of the University of Illinois, and a son-in-law who is a graduate of the same school, have been led by him to enter on a work for rural improvement in Bengal —"organizing rural banks and co-operative credit societies, and teaching the famers modern methods of agriculture."

With the thought a few years ago that if there was any panacea for India's troubles it was liberal education, full of freedom and love, he departed from the great city of Calcutta and in a quiet spot founded an ideal school where he is said to be living now "a life of unalloyed simplicity, thinking most exalted thoughts, writing poems and plays, loving the children in the school and the birds in the woods. . . . Thus he spends his days in this quiet spot, in constant communion with the Godhead, and radiating calmness all around his modern hermitage." It is there in the quiet that his mysticism reached its height in his drama "Raja," and his lyric genius in "Gitanjali."

A countryman says of Tagore: "We have other poets, but none that are his equal. . . . No poet seems to me as famous in Europe as he is among us. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his songs are sung from the west of India into Burmah wherever Bengali is spoken. . . . Words can never express what I owed at seventeen to his love poetry. After that his art grew deeper; it became religious and philosophical; all the aspirations of mankind are in his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life, and that is why we give him our love."

Here we have explanation of the hold Tagore has on his people in India. After that illumination came to him in which he realized his oneness with all life, that world consciousness, that cosmic consciousness, he did not retire as others before him had done to a life of meditation; but, keeping the channels of communication with the Father open, he made himself, as he knew he actually was, a part of the life about him, and thus became India's great inspirer.

In his article in "Sadhana," on "The Individual and the Universe," Tagore says: "When a man does not realize his kinship with the world he lives in a prison house, whose walls are alien to him. When he meets the eternal spirit in all objects, then is he emancipated; for then he discovers the fullest significance of the world into which he is born; then he finds himself in perfect truth, and his harmony with the **all** is established." He says that in India men are enjoined to be fully awake to the fact that they are in closest relation to everything round about them in nature, body and soul, and that they should hail the morning sun, the flowing water, the fruitful earth, as the manifestation of the same living truth which holds them in its embrace. In "Gitanjali" he has expressed this thought beautifully and rythmically:

> "The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rythmic measures.
>
> "It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.
>
> "It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow."

However, Tagore remarks that the sense of the superiority of man in the scale of creation has not been absent from India's mind. "But she has had her own idea as to that in which his superiority really consists. It is not in the power of possession, but in the power of union."

When Tagore says:—

> "When one knows Thee, then alien there is none; then no door is shut; oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of the one in the play of the many,"

our thoughts are led to the hidden unity in the Eternal Being, which has always been the pathway of the mystics.

Tagore tells us that the Infinite in India was never a thin nonentity, void of all content; that the Rishis declared: "To know Him in this life is to be true; not to know Him in this life is the desolation of death." But, How to know Him? is the all-important question. And the answer from the Rishis is: "By realizing him in **each** and **all.**" And this Tagore expands thus:

> "Not only in nature, but in the family, in society, and in the state; the more we realize the world-conscious in all, the better for us. Failing to realize we turn our faces to destruction."

This longing for perfect self-expression, he describes as the ceaseless urging in man of the Infinite being, of Avih, the spirit of eternal manifestation, whose very essence is expression.

This revealment of the infinite in the finite, which is everywhere, and which is the motive of creation, he tells us "is not to be seen in its perfection in the starry heavens, in the beauty of the flowers; it is in the soul of man; for there will seek its manifestation in will and freedom turns to win its final prize in the freedom of surrender."

Tagore writes of a longing in man for the perfect expression of his self "more deeply inherent than his hunger and thirst for bodily sustenance or his lust for wealth and

distinction." It is, indeed, this desire for self-expression, he says, which leads men to seek wealth and power. But they have to discover that accumulation is not realization. "Every endeavor to attain a larger life requires of man to gain by giving away, and not to be greedy." This truth is expressed beautifully in some verses in "The Gardener":

"In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeam and the stars of midnight.

"Thus my songs share their seats in the heart of the world with the music of the clouds and forests.

"But, you man of riches, your wealth has no part in the simple grandeur of the sun's glad gold and the mellow gleam of the moon.

"The blessing of the all-embracing sky is not shed upon it.

"And when death appears, it pales and withers and crumbles into dust."

And then again in "Sadhana":

"Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself up to what is greater than himself, to ideas which are larger than his individual life—the idea of his country, of humanity, of God."

W. B. Yeats, who wrote the introduction to "Gitanjali," says that an Indian friend informed him that it was Tagore's custom to sit for hours every day in deep reverie upon the nature of God and kindred subjects. But this is only to prepare himself to live, for his thought as to what life demands—and as to the way it should be lived—is expressed in one of his poems:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this dark lonely corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground, and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and evenlike him come down on the dusty soil.

"Come out of thy meditation and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

Writing in "Sadhana" on "Realization in Action," Tagore asks,

"He who thinks to reach God by running away from the world—when and where does he expect to meet him? How far can he fly—can he fly and fly till he flies into nothingness itself? No, the coward who would fly can nowhere find him. We must be brave enough to be able to say: We are reaching him here in this very spot, now at this very moment. We must be able to assure ourselves that as in our actions we are realizing ourselves, so in ourselves we are realizing him who is the self of self."

And again he writes:

"It cannot be said that we can find Brahma as we find other objects; there is no question of searching for him in one thing in preference to another, in one place instead of somewhere else. We do not have to run to the grocer's shop for our morning light; we open our eyes, and there it is; so we need only give ourselves up to find that Brahma is everywhere."

And in this connection he says:

"Our daily worship of God is not really the process of gradual acquisition of him, but the daily process of surrendering ourselves, removing all obstacles to union and extending our consciousness of him in devotion and service, in goodness and in love."

There is in "Sadhana" a paragraph which indicates that Tagore's conception of God allows for transcendence as well as for immanence. Writing of our western world he says: "Its science has always talked of the never-ending evolution of the world. Its metaphysics has now begun to talk of the evolution of God himself. They will not admit that he **is**; they would have it that he also is **becoming.**"

Evidently Tagore has Bergson, et al., in mind. Continuing he says:

"They fail to realize that while the infinite is always greater than any assignable limit, it is also complete; that on the one hand Brahma is evolving; on the other he is perfection; that in the one aspect he is essence, in the other manifestation—both together at the same time, as in the act of singing. This is like ignoring the consciousness of the singer and saying that only the singing is in progress, that there is no song. Doubtless we are directly aware only of the singing, and never at any one time of the song as a whole; but do we not know all the time that the complete song is in the soul of the singer?"

To the intimation that the infinite is beyond our attainment, and so is naught for us, Tagore remarks: "Yes, if the word attainment implies any idea of possession, then it must be admitted that the infinite is unattainable." But we must keep in mind, he says, that the highest enjoyment of man is not in the having, but in a getting which is at the same time not getting. And he points out that the real desire of the soul is to get beyond all our possessions. Surrounded by the things she can touch and feel, the soul cries, "I am weary of getting; oh, where is he who is never to be got?"

Mystic as he is, many, if not all, of Tagore's poems have an inner meaning which will be missed if his mysticism is not kept in mind.

If the poem in which is the refrain, "Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings," was inspired by a bird,—in its real and inner meaning it is to the soul in man that it speaks.

"Ah, where is the sunny green shore, where is your nest? . . . .

There is no home, no bed of rest.

There is only your own pair of wings, and the pathless sky.

Bird, O my bird, listen to me, do not close your wings."

This infinity which is in man and toward which he ever moves, Walt Whitman, who experienced cosmic consciousness, has expressed in the following:

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven;

And I said to my spirit, when we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?

And my spirit said, No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond."

And again Whitman exclaimed:

"O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!

O daring joy but safe!
Are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!"

And Tagore phrases it again:

"Thou hast made me endless; such is thy pleasure . . .

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new. . . .

Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill."

Doubtless it will be asked, To what extent has Tagore been influenced in his religious thinking and writing by Western life and literature? Such a question cannot be answered in any easy, off-hand way. But it will surprise the average reader no doubt to find how constantly in "Sadhana" he refers to the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha, which, he says, have ever been to him things of the spirit.

Only a reading of the half dozen different books which Tagore has translated and given to English readers during the last few months will give any adequate conception of the versatile man; but "Sadhana," "Gitanjali" and "The Gardener" will serve to show that India has something of worth to contribute to the world's future, and that religious truth was never given to one race of people alone, but that in India, too, for long ages men have known him whom one of the ancient rishis designated as "The Supreme Person whose light shines forth from beyond the darkness."

Charles Lamb said to some friends that if Shakespeare were to come into their room they would rise to greet him, but that if Jesus Christ were to enter all would kneel to kiss the hem of his garment.

We may not know what it is or who it is that Tagore worships and tells us of in so many of his poems: If it be not at all our Christ, but only Brahma—the all-conscious and all-pervading Spirit running through the universe, yet we must kneel to it.

Listen to him as he sings:

"That I want thee, only thee—let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me day and night, are false and empty to the core.

"As the night keeps hidden in its gloom the petition for light, even thus in the depths of my unconsciousness rings the cry—I want thee, only thee. As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might, even thus my rebellion strikes against thy love, and still its cry is —I want thee, only thee."

The mind turns in this connection to Augustine, who said:

"Thou hast created us for thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in thee."

We recall Matthеson's great hymn—the lines:

"O Love that wilt let me go," "O Light that followest all my way," "O joy that seekest me through pain," and then we turn to Tagore and read:

"If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart, thy love for me still waits for my love."

And then again elsewhere we read:

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals, and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through.

"Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple great gifts that thou gavest me unasked,—this sky and the light, this body and the life and the mind—saving me from perils of overmuch desire.

And as we read such lines and others from Tagore we seem to hear the Voice, as Francis Thompson represents it in the "Hound of Heaven," saying:

"All which I took from thee, I did but take not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms."

Man Is Out to Find Himself.

There is in Sadhana one very striking expression which gives in a nut-shell much of Tagore's idea of man and his relation to the universe.

Tagore says that man is out to **find** himself—that he is in quest of the realization of his immortal self, his soul. He quotes the Upanishads as saying: "The deity who is manifesting himself in the activities of the universe always dwells in the heart of man as the supreme soul. Those who realize him through the immediate perception of the heart attain immortality."

All our egoistic impulses, our selfish desires, we are told, obscure our true vision of the soul. For they indicate only our narrow self. "When we are conscious of our soul, we perceive the inner being which transcends our ego and has its deeper affinity with the All.

According to Tagore the real misery of man is in the fact that he has not fully come out; that he is self-obscured, lost in the midst of his own desires.

In his ignorance he thinks of self as having its complete meaning in itself. With that wrong view of self men live in such a manner as to make self the ultimate object of life. Then are they doomed to disappointment, like the man who tries to reach his destination by clutching the dust of the road.

When a man realizes his relation to the **All,** the conflict and contradictions of life are reconciled. Then the boundless takes him up in his arms as a father and walks by his side as a friend—and he sees,

"One far-off divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves."

It was of such a progress of the souls of men and women along the grand road of the universe that Whitman wrote:

"Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted of men, rejected of men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;
But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great."

Tagore says, after a survey of what man has already accomplished on the earth: "Really, there is no limit to our powers, for we are not outside the universal power which is the expression of universal law. We are on our way to overcome disease and death, for through scientific knowledge we are ever on our way to realize the universal in its physical aspect. And as we make progress we find that pain, disease, and poverty of power are not absolute, but that it is only the want of adjustment of our individual self to our universal self which gives rise to them."

Sin, according to Tagore, "is not one mere action, but it is an attitude of life which takes it for granted that our goal is finite, that our self is the ultimate truth, and that

we are not all essentially one, but exist each for his own separate individual existence."

"In sin," he says, "man takes part with the finite against the infinite that is in him. It is the defeat of his soul by his self."

"This self of man the great king of the universe has not shadowed with his throne—he has left it free. In his physical and mental organism, where man is related with nature, he has to acknowledge the rule of his king, but in his self he is free to disown him. There, our God must win his entrance. There, he comes as a guest, not as a king; and therefore he has to wait till he is invited."

In "The Problem of Self" Tagore says that "our roots must go deep down into the universal if we would attain the greatness of personality."

There is a universal power, which is manifested in universal law, that will thwart us where we are small, where we are against the current of things, but which will help us where we are great—where we are in unison with the all.

"Whenever the part, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own, the great pull of the all gives it a violent wrench, stops it suddenly and brings it to the dust."

Among his song offerings we find this picture of the lower self in the presence of the higher:

"I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence, but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my lord; he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company."

Tagore points out that,—though we of the West have accepted as our teacher him who boldly proclaimed his oneness with the Father, and who exhorted his followers to be perfect as God is perfect,—we have never been reconciled to this idea of unity with the infinite being. He says that any implication of man's becoming God is condemned among us as a piece of blasphemy.

But this, he declares is certainly not the idea that Christ preached; nor perhaps the idea of the Christian mystics. And he declares that man must become Brahma —that is, God; that we must not shrink to avow this; that our existence is meaningless if we never can expect to realize the highest perfection that there is.

But we must not misconstrue him in this declaration. He asks in this connection: "But, can it be said that there is no difference between Brahma and our individual soul?" And his answer is: "Of course the difference is obvious. Call it illusion or ignorance, or whatever name you may give it—it is there. You can offer explanations, but you cannot explain it away. Even illusion is true as illusion. Brahma is Brahma; he is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever ever to become true, ever to become Brahma. There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this being and the becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation."

If Tagore deifies man, so also do the Christian mystics.

Eckhart says: "If I am to know God directly, I must become completely He; and He, I: so that this He and this I become and are one I."

Athanasius wrote: "He became man that we might become God."

And Augustine, referring to his preconverted period of life, said: "I heard thy voice from on high crying unto me,I am the food of the full-grown; grow, and then shalt thou feed on me. Nor shalt thou change me into thy substance as thou changest the food of thy flesh, but thou shalt be changed into mine." And, following the patristic view, Eckhart wrote: Our Lord says to every living soul, I became man for you. If you do not become God for me, you do me wrong."

But we are told by Evelyn Underhill, who has written one of the profoundest studies of Christian mysticism, that the great mystics are anxious above all things to establish and force on us the truth that by deification they intend no arrogant claim to identification with God; but, as it were, a transfusion of their selves by his self. "Over and over again they assure us that personality is not lost but made more real."

And yet we find one of these Christian mystics saying:

"With thy sweet soul, this soul of mine
Hath mixed as water doth with wine,
Who can the wine and water part,
Or me and thee when we combine?
Thou art become my greater self;
Small bounds no more can me confine.
Thou hast my being taken on,
And shall not I now take on thine?
Me, thou forever, hast affirmed,
That I may ever know thee mine.
Thy love has pierced me through and through;
Its thrill with bone and nerve entwine."

The more we read of Buddhism and the Indian religions in the light of the present age, and on the new theology platform, the more urgent becomes the query, whether we are not ere long to discover much more in common between it and Christianity than Christian critics have as yet allowed.

God was not absent from the human heart before the revelation in Jesus of Nazareth.

Must we, dare we affirm that God is absent today in saving power where Jesus is not known, or where, if known, his kingship is not acknowledged, though his spirit is incarnated?

"He it is, the innermost one, who awakens my being with his deep hidden touches," says Tagore.

"Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who moves my heart, in many a name, in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and sorrow."

And long ago Paul said:

"All things have been created through him and unto him, and he is before all things, and in him all things consist."

And one of the most modern of our own poets has written:

"By this, O Singer, know we if thou see.
When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is here,
When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is there;
Believe them: yea, and this—then art thou seer,
When all thy crying clear
Is but: Lo here; lo there! ah me, lo everywhere!"

For one man who can't stand prosperity there are a hundred who never have a chance to find out whether they can or not.

THE NEW RELIGION—CHANGES AND PROBLEMS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

Interview With Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale.

Mr. Edward Marshall, who is on the staff of the New York Times, had recently an interview with Dean Brown of the Yale Schol of Religion which occupied nearly a page in that paper. We select therefrom several portions which will, doubtless, be read with interest on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Marshall says concerning Dr. Brown's views:

'Altogether Dean Brown's views, while sufficiently advanced to startle some of those who read this interview, are very closely in tune with modern thought and very nicely link the days of the old dogmatism with these days of liberality, mourning not at all about a loss, but rejoicing at a gain.

"I was especially interested in the Dean's expressed regret that the character of Christ should have been softened, almost to effeminacy, in the minds of many, and in his short and snappy declaration that: "Christ's job is very frequently a man's job."

"Altogether there can be no doubt of the virility of this important leader in the nation's rapidly changing religious thought."

"Life," said Dr. Brown, "is being measured with a new yardstick. It is not the yardstick of material wealth in these days, any more than it is now the yardstick of church attendance and outward devotion to religious form.

"It is a hopeful and undeniable fact that men's value as community forces for good counts more than the value of their bank accounts or their devotion to religious rituals.

"This is a mighty change, and more significant of good, I'm sure, than the reputed fallng off in church attendance can be significant of evil.

"Names like those of William Kent of California and George W. Coleman of Boston, who is behind the Sagamore Conference, and the Ford Hall meetings count more, even, than the names of the great merchants of the time, or those of great railroad men or great lawyers.

Service Is The Test.

"Good-will and competence in service, these are the things which are continually increasing in impressiveness among us. The time has come when it is tacitly acknowledged by sufficient numbers to be really important that men reach the highest level of individual expression not as they reach the highest pinnacle of material success, or pray loudest, but as they serve best.

"We find this conviction growing on all sides. It is a sentiment which will invariably draw fire from a college audience, or, for that matter from young men anywhere."

What will this broadened conception mean to the denominations?" was inquired.

Dean Brown did not pause to think. The promptness of his answer proved that frequently, or, at least, carefully, he had considered this very question or some variation of it.

"It will mean a reduction of the number of denominational units," he replied, "and of course, that will mean fewer local church units.

"Instead of three or four straggling and struggling congregations, each worshiping God according to a rule slightly differing from that which the others follow, in each small town, there will be one community church there, where the mere contagion of enthusiasm and conviction that comes from numbers and the magnetism of association will be of vast assistance in the propagation of the religious spirit."

"Shall we eventually get along without denominations, do you think? Is the time at hand or even remotely approaching when all religionists will follow one broad creed?" Mr. M. asked.

"Scarcely," said the Dean."Denominationalism is largely a matter of temperament. As long as human beings differ in temperament, so long will they differ in their religious denominations."

The Pacific omits here Dr. Brown's remarks at length on denominationalism, and passes to other matters.

When the interviewer asked if it might not be among the possibilities that the church would gradually merge and disappear within the increasing general humanitaran impulse, Dr. Brown replied.

"No, I think that improbable. The church stands and must always stand not only for human sympathy but for spiritual authority. It deals with spiritual verities, values and ideals. This gives it a place beyond humanitarianism.

"In the human heart it satisfies the longing for a sense of kinship with the Divine, and this, I do not for a moment doubt, is as strong and universal today as it ever was.

"There are many indications of this sentiment of kinship to the Infinite.Modern literature evidences it as clearly as did that of fifty years or more ago.

"Note the tremendous popularity of Ralph Waldo Trine's 'In Tune With the Infinite,' of which 2,000,000 copies have been sold; and Gerald Stanley Lee's 'Crowds' is having an enormous sale.

"These books are not works of fiction, or sensational philosophies, such as are the books with which the thougnt of great editions is usually associated, but are spiritual essays. Their vast popularity cannot mean that the religious spirit is losing force in modern times.

"It is as real, as potent as it ever was, but now is finding less conventional methods of expression than were afforded by the churches alone in bygone times. Such are among the greatest preachers.

"There are many indications of a general betterment. Among these not the least significant is the higher point of view which newspapers are taking. They are far less exclusively devoted to the crass and the material than they once were.

"Another indication of the upward trend is found in the expressions of such new philosophers as Eucken and Bergson. These men are not reactionists but developments. The materialism which was very much in vogue twenty-five years ago, when I was in college, is not intellectually respectable now.

Decreased Church Attendance.

Being asked for something explicit on the matter of decreased church attendance, Dean Brown said:

"There are several reasons for it, I believe," he said. "By no means all of them may be regarded as evidences of decreased religious feeling.

"One of them is the increasing stress of modern life, which makes it more difficult for men and women to find time for formal worship.

"Another is the fact that in these days there are more social avenues open. Church service was once almost the only occasion when the better people gathered together.

"Increased confinement and increased appreciation of the value of the open air, too, has made many who are not irreligious feel that their one day of liberty from indoor labor may better be spent in the open air than in a church.

"Rigid adherence to the old church hours, beginning at

11 in the morning, has been bad for churches. These hours of service do not fit easily into the modern scheme of life in many cities.

'There certainly has been, too, a diminution of the sense of the sacramental value of church attendance. Our grandfathers felt that when they sat in church they were invested with the odor of sanctity.

"Now church attendance is regarded as not the only nor even the principal means of grace. We have more good reading than our fathers found available. Many people look to it for spiritual culture."

Liberalization of Sunday.

Asked to give his views upon the liberalization of Sunday, which, during the past decade, has been so notable, particularly in New York he replied:

"I am not sure that it is an unmixed good," he answered. 'Upon many it entails seven days of labor. It has robbed a multitude of their day of rest. It has increased labor in the transporation business especially.

"The Fourth Commandment did not say, 'Go to church on the Sabbath,' but it did bid mankind they abstain from toil. In so far as the liberalization of Sunday means the loss of that humane intent, it surely is bad.

"The Sabbath was made for man—and for that part of the man which suffers neglect during the other six days.

"Inasmuch as the world now is tending toward the use of the Sabbath for the promotion of human health and for adding to the zest and relish of human life, the world is trending sensibly; it is following the teachings of the Gospel. To 'keep the Sabbath holy' is to use the Sabbath for good purposes. There are conceivable circumstances where something else than church attendance would actually be for the glory of God and one's own good."

"Decreasing church attendance may be regarded without terror if an increasing Christian spirit marks the conduct of our routine of existence.

"The expression of the religious spirit in public worship is undoubtedly desirable, to be striven for and encouraged, but the man who endeavors to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly before God, is deeply religious, whether or not he goes to church.

"The existence of such men in increasing numbers in the community is everywhere evidenced by the growing number who are willing to give time, money and enthusiasm to definite and hard labor toward the general good. This is religious impulse of the highest order.

"Nothing could be more encourageing than the modern plainly apparent increase among the fortunate of the sense of their responsibility toward the less fortunate. The best modern men are not satisfied with mere charity. A social conscience has come into being, making them feel responsible for the permanent well-being of those members of society whose advantages and opportunities have been inferior to their own.

"There has been a great change in these matters since I was a boy.Then the names of great theologians were those with which to conjure; now the magic names are those of personalities like William Henry Baldwin, Jane Addams, Pooker T. Washington, and Graham Taylor.

"I have recently returned from a journey through the West and South. I found in both sections a much deeper interest in religion and the vital things of life than existed when I was in college there twenty years ago. Men are thinking less of feathering their own nests than of benefiting their communities by public-spirited service.

'In the great farming States, especially, such as Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, the churches are at work along broader lines. In the various State universities we find students working with an almost inspired industry so that they may learn the best the world can offer them and then go back to their home communities and lift them to a higher level. These great State institutions are marvelous promoters of a spirit truly divine.

"And all this indicates that religion, instead of dying out, is steadily becoming more vital. It is changing its form of expression as it achieves new growth. It is concerning itself less with ritual and more with things that matter—such as education and the home, industry and politics.

Preponderance Of Men Over Women.

As to the great preponderance of women over men in general church membership Dean Brown remarked:

"One reason for it," he replied, "is the fact that religion has been too narrowly construed. The work generally centred in church work is particularly women's work, but if we could enlarge our idea of church work so that when a man went out to fight any evil he would feel that he, also, was doing church work, we might find the attendance of men increasing.

"Another reason, perhaps, is that we have had in Christian art-an effeminate conception of Christ. The mediaeval painters almost invariably made His face a woman's with a beard. We find Him feminized by mediaeval writers. Thomas A. Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ' is a fair sample. There Jesus is not described as an example of good citizenship but as a meek and negative personality, not calculated to make strong appeal to the imagination of the virile man.

"In these days we emphasize more the virile points of Christ's character and young men will respond to this. Christ's job is very frequently a man's job. In California the president of a men's church league called its members together on a Sunday morning to help prevent the prizefight between Jack Johnson and Jeffries. Five hundred men came forward. It was a job for men. They shut the fight our of Oakland and then shut it out of California. That was church work—real men's work. It was work that I was glad to have the men of my congregation tackle on Sunday morning."

Being asked about hell and heaven the Dean answered:

"The idea of an arbitrary judgment of a fixed, supernatural punishment for sin, was a human device." "But it sprang from a true philosophy—the philosophy that sin will bring its own punishment.

"That punishment begins on earth, however, and will continue just as long as sin continues. Some one once said: 'The Almighty writes a very plain hand.' On all sides we see the hells which men build for themselves. The consequences of evildoing inevitably work themselves out without supernatural intervention.

"And as to heaven I should say that the rewards of righteousness also are found on earth in peace and in the sense of a more complete self-realization. The highly developed righteous man of modern days does not think much about the bliss of transportation into a celestial paradise where he will forever abide after the moil and turmoil of his earthly life.

"That seems to have ben held out by ancients as a sort of pay for being good. In these days of advancing thought no bribe is necessary to the sensible.

"And did not the Master says: 'The kingdom of heaven is within you?' Very few Protestant churches now teach the existence of a material heaven or a material hell."

THE WOULD-BE ASCETIC.

At midnight the would-be ascetic announced:

"This is the time to give up my home and seek God. Ah, who has held me so long in delusion here?"

God whispered, "I," but the ears of the man were stopped.

With a baby asleep at her breast lay his wife, peacefully sleeping on one side of the bed.

The man said, "Who are ye that ye have fooled me so long?"

The voice said again, "They are God," but he heard it not.

The baby cried out in its dream, nestling close to its mother.

God commanded, "Stop, fool, leave not thy home;" but still he heard not.

God sighed and complained, "Why does my servant wander to seek me, forsaking me?"

—Rabindranath Tagore.

AN ANSWER TO "THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE."

Speaking under the caption, "Can You Make a Sunday School out of a Seaport Town?" the Rev. A. W. Palmer delivered a sermon at Plymouth Church last Sunday morning which was an answer to "The New Chief of Police," which has been playing the past week at Pantages. He said in part:

"The New Chief of Police" is a curious mixture of true and false social philosophw. An Irishman would say it contained many serious omissions. Let me analyze it for you.

First of all, it contains some wholesome truths. The rebuke administered to the extreme and immodest clothing worn on the street by many women, and the denunciation of women who paint their faces, smoke, drink and play cards for money, and yet claim to be respectable, are both very much to the point.

In the second place, "The New Chief of Police" contains some subtle falsehods. Let me enumerate them. The first one is the assumption that by closing the segregated district vice is scattered all over the city. As a matter of fact, segregation doesn't segregate, and is rapidly being abandoned in Europe: See Dr. Flexner's new book on Prostitution in Europe. Vice is scattered over the city even where you have a segregated district. In the second place the play argues that a sailor home from a long voyage needs a redlight district for his amusement. This means plainly the double standard of morality, that provision must be made for men to do things they would not tolerate in women. Now the time has gone by when such a plea for a double standard of morality can pass unchallenged. The better spirit of today says: Let the sailor and every other man find his recreation in theaters and amusement parks, in swimming baths, gymnasium and baseball games but not in degrading somebody's sister. The play is also distinctly untrue in assuming that so-called "high society" women who drink and gamble and paint their faces are at the same time the reformers who want the red-light districts closed. The typical woman interested in reform in Oakland do not drink, gamble or dress immodestly. To my mind the three most worthy women reformers of this city are a noble woman physician, a practical business woman, and an efficient social worker who daily faces the tragedy of modern social wreckage. Again it is both false and insulting to say that "since they have the ballot women are meddling with questions they know nothing about." The point is that women do know a lot about these questions—they often pay for their knowledge on the operating table. A woman's point of view about the red-light district is quite possibly as true and worthy of a respectful consideration as a man's. A woman also is a human being and fully entitled to speak and vote and "meddle" with all human questions. Possibly she may prove to know some of the things man has ignored and made a mess of by his ignorance.

In the third place, "The New Chief of Police" omits some things vital to the subject of which it treats. For example, the play assumes that a red-light district provides a safety valve where men can relieve their baser passions and return to society mild and harmless. It omits the real fact that such a red-light district becomes a nest of criminals and a generator of the basest practices, that it stimulates more than it satisfies and creates more demand than it supplies. Another fatal omission lies in the assumption that immodest dressing is the only cause of women being insulted in the street. Behind this cause lie other and mightier ones—the suggestive theatrical show, the false stimulation of liquor and the perversity of the human mind unredeemed by the saving forces of love and of religion.

The Chief says sarcastically, "You are trying to make a Sunday School out of a seaport town!" In all seriousness, that is what we propose to do! Only the Chief has never been inside a really up-to-date Sunday School. Our Sunday School here at Plymouth Center, for instance, contains not only equipment for Bible study, but also for wholesome recreation—a gymnasium and shower baths, pool tables, bowling alley, boxing gloves, a stage, kitchen and even the much despised "reading room." The modern Sunday School stands for all that builds character and all recreation that does not poison or destroy men and women. But for amusement purchased at the cost of the degradation of another human being there is no room anywhere, neither in a Sunday School nor in a seaport town!

COMMENT ON DR. NASH'S ADDRESS ON "OUR CHANGED CONCEPTION OF GOD."

Editor "The Pacific":

While in hearty accord with the spirit and most of the substance of the address of President Nash on "Our Modern View of God," I feet that in our enthusiasm for a large and liberal conception of Divine Love, we are apt to be somewhat unbalanced. The question, "Can Infinite Love be defeated?" and the inference that ultimately all, good and bad alike, will be saved, though it does credit to our human sympathies is not taught in the Scriptures, neither is it a necessary inference of reason. Infinite Love does not impose upon its objects a constraint which they cannot spurn. Nor is there any inherent demand for the salvation of any particular person, as necessary to a fulfilment of Infinite ends. Sin and imperfection are in themselves the temporary defeat of Divine Love. The fact that such a defeat is in the realm of the temporal, does not make it any the less a limitation of the Divine. In the very process of creation God limits Himself. Love, in its very nature, partakes of sympathy, and sympathy

is a form of pain. This pain is caused by the sense of defeat. And so long as man is a free personal agent, he must be appealed to according to the laws of personality. Neither persuasion nor sentimental motives are coercive. Infinite Love, therefore, does not contemplate the salvation of those who "will not" be saved. Compulsory salvation would be none the less, the defeat of love. It does not follow, however, that if some "will not," Divine love is finally defeated. There will be ultimately the perfect number of those who voluntarily accept the Gospel. Those who refuse suffer loss because it was their opportunity to have been saved and they have none to blame but themselves. The loss to God, Himself, is nothing, if they in their self-destruction become as if they had never been.

I am making this objection because I do not think that the "universalism" of President Nash represents the view of any considerable number of Congregationalists, and also because I believe that such a view tends to stultify our enthusiasm for evangelism. While the appeal of God's love is strong to move men to repent, a too sentimental and soft love has the opposite effect. It repells. There is place in our conception for such attributes as justice and righteous anger. The appeal to fear in the soul is legitimate. "Behold the goodness and severity of God." And any gospel message which is not aimed at the whole man will miss the mark.

I am therefore upholding this old-fashioned view of God because of its truth, in the first place, and also because I believe that the Universalist view, will fail as it has failed in the past, to accomplish the very aim of those who hold it, the salvation of the largest possible number of men and women.

CHARLES H. BURDICK,
Chairman of Committee on Evangelism, State of Washington.
Deer Park, Wash.

TO THE PASTORS OF CALIFORNIA.

Kindly note the following statements for which we have conclusive evidence.

There is no prospect of getting a Sunday law for California except by a direct vote of the people under initiative petition.

Unless such a law is enacted at this fall election there will be all kinds of labor and business in full blast every Sunday in San Francisco during the Panama Fair and we will display a wide-open Sunday to the disgrace and calamity of California in the eyes of the assembled world.

Unless such a law is passed this fall, in the opinion of many friends of prohibition, there will be over 2000 saloons open with beer and whiskey flowing free every Lord's Day, the greatest debauch of the week, under the shadow of the International Exposition.

Unless the law is secured this fall it will require hereafter over 60,000 signatures on the initiative petition to order a ballot. If we fail for the second time to get 31,000 signatures, how can we hope to get twice as many in the future?

It will be more difficult and next to impossible to obtain the majority of the votes for a Sunday bill after the large influx of immigration from southeastern Europe that is headed toward California.

We now have about 20,000 names of registered voters upon the returned petitions. Unless we secure 11,000 more there will be no ballot taken for a Sunday rest law. We have extended the time till Sunday, July 5th, for you to complete the canvass and to forward all petitions to your county chairman not later than Monday, July 6th. But in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, where the first filing has been made, all petitions must be forwarded not later than Monday, June 22nd.

Petitions were sent the first of April to the California pastors of the Baptist, Christian, Congregational, Methodist, Methodist South, Presbyterian, United Brethren, Friends and other denominations. They were mailed to 1500 pastors. Not one in seven has made any returns or reports. A score of barbers have obtained more signatures than the 1500 pastors. Sunday labor, business and amusements are emptying their pews far more than are saloons, redlight districts and prize fights.

Two excuses are offered by pastors for their neglect of the Sunday petitions: the number of exceptions in the bill and the multiplicity of petitions being sent them. As to the first, the bill has fewer exceptions than the Sunday law of Massachusetts and it will make one of the best Sunday laws in the Union, or of any nation except Canada. It will provide for one day's rest for all employees, Sunday closing for all unnecessary business and labor and local option by municipalities and counties for Sunday sports and amusements and all other things not prohibited by the act. As to the multiplicity of petitions, there is none of greater importance to the Church than the Sunday petition. Fifteen minutes time of one morning service, by having the ushers pass the petitions along the pews while the choir is performing, would bet the required number, if it is followed up by the committee in charge during the week.

Pastors of California, do you want a Sunday rest law? If so, now is your chance and possibly your last chance. Judging by the actions thus far of six-sevenths of your number, both this year and two years ago when a similar petition was circulated, we are forced to question your desires for such a law, or at least your willingness to suit your actions to the word. Wise and excellent men of your number helped to draft the bill and have given it their approval. It is a mighty improvement upon nothing and as drastic a measure as can be passed. Will not you of the two counties named above make the third Sunday of June a round-up day for this petition, but keep working it faithfully in the meantime, and all other counties use July 5th, the Sunday following our national Fourth, to plead that the American Sabbath be established in California? Remember that the final dates for forwarding petitions are June 22nd and July 6th. If any need more petitions, drop a post card by next mail to the Barbers' Union, 812 Broadway, Oakland, Cal., or to the undersigned, and they will be forwarded with full directions, free of charge. Laymen who will circulate the petition are also urged to send for supplies. The King's business requires haste.

WEEKLY REST DAY LEAGUE,
1567 Le Roy Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

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We can supply you with lanterns, or lecture slides on any subject. Call and see us or write for catalog and our rental plan. Western Slide & Stereopticon Co., 714 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Between the great things that we cannot do, and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.

SOME SUGGESTIVE GEMS OF THOUGHT FROM RABINDRATH TAGORE.

Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our needs and yet run back to thee undiminished.

By the very act of possession we know that we are greater than the things we possess.

When a man feels the rhythmic throb of the soul-life of the world in his own soul, then is he free.

The Universal Spirit is waiting to crown us with happiness; our individual spirit would not accept it.

It will never do the least good to attempt the realization of the infinite apart from the world of action.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou Holy One, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder.

When the soul says of anything: I do not want it, for I am above it, she gives utterance to the highest truth that is in her.

Man's freedom is never in being saved troubles, but it is the freedom to take trouble for his own good, to make the trouble an element in his joy.

The higher nature in man always seeks for something which transcends itself and yet is its deepest truth; which claims all its sacrifice, and yet makes this sacrifice its own recompense.

That we cannot absolutely possess the infinite being is not a mere intellectual proposition. It has to be experienced, and this experience is bliss. The bird while taking its flight in the sky experiences at every beat of its wings that the sky is boundless, that its wings can never carry it beyond. Therein lies its joy. * * * Thus our soul must soar in the infinite, and she must feel every instant that in the sense of not being able to come to the end of her attainment is her supreme joy, her final freedom.

Last night, in the silence which pervaded the darkness, I stood alone and heard the voice of the singer of eternal melodies. When I went to sleep I closed my eyes with this last thought in my mind—that even when I remain unconscious in slumber the dance of life will still go on in the hushed arena of my sleeping body, keeping step with the stars. The heart will throb, the blood will leap in the veins, and the millions of living atoms in my body will vibrate in tune with the note of the harp-string that thrills at the touch of the master.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. E. J. Singer looks after the work at Petaluma temporarily.

The Rev. R. W. Rogers, who was supplying for some time at Porterville, has accepted a call from the church at Oroville and has entered on the work. The Rev. Huber Burr is temporarily in charge at Porterville.

The Rev. George Atkinson of Campbell returned last week from a brief trip to Oregon—having the pleasure of an automobile ride all the way from the Oregon line to Oakland. He speaks of the ride down along the Sacramento is a charming one.

The Rev. George Atkinson has been elected Camp Commander of the Sons of Veterans, and been appointed Division Chaplain for California and Oregon. He gave the memorial address at the union meeting in Campbell the 24th and before the post at Los Gatos on the 30th. He is also to give the baccalaureate address for the Campbell Union High School.

In the death last Friday in the Feather River of Mr. W. C. Barnard the First Congregational Church and the City of Oakland lose a useful man. Mr. Barnard had been for many years prominently identified with the work of the church and all movements for civic betterment. As a member of the Public Welfare Committee he was a leader in the recent campaign to limit and restrict the saloons. Mr. Barnard will be widely missed.

VACATION NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Professor Buckham and family are enjoying the beauty and grandeur of Yosemite again this summer.

The Rev. Frank Bissell goes next Tuesday to Yosemite, where he says he will "hike it" a great deal every day.

The Rev. Robert Walker and Mrs. Walker are enjoying Yosemite this week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Curry.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson and Mrs. Patterson hope to go for a short time this summer to the Feather River country.

Secretary Hinman of the American Missionary Association will take a walking tour through Yosemite during this vacation period.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks have gone for a two weeks' visit with relatives in Los Angeles. In July they will go to Yosemite for two weeks.

The Rev. G. D. Yoakum will go on the 16th for a stay of two weeks in Yosemite. While there he will given considerable time to the study of wild flowers.

The Rev. C. L. Mears will take short trips this summer to near-by places. Among the pulpit supplies in First Church, Alameda, will be the Rev. Dr. R. A. Beard of Fargo, North Dakota.

Superintendent Rathbone and Mrs. Rathbone will spend some time late in July and early in August at their son's ranch in Sonoma County. Early in July Dr. Rathbone will attend the missionary conferences at Asilomar near Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ferrier will go sometime in July for a stay of two weeks in Yosemite. They seek neither climbing nor tramping save in a limited way, but quiet and contemplation in the beauty and sublimity of the wonderful valley.

Secretary Fisher of the Sunday School and Publishing Society will spend his vacation tramping and fishing in Glacier National Park. Nothing suits Mr. Fisher better than such a tramp as that will be, two or three years ago he went through the Yellowstone that way, carrying provender and sleeping outfit.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer will spend their vacation with Southern California relatives. Plymouth pulpit will be occupied the first Sunday in July by

President Blaisdell of Pomona; July 12 by Mr. Palmer's assistant, Mr. Bradley; the 19th by Dean Norton of Pomona; the 26th and again on August 2 by Mr. Marsh of Southern California, and again on August 9 by Mr. Bradley.

Dr. Van Horn left Oakland this week for his vacation, which will be spent in Seattle and in that vicinity. Among the pulpit supplies in First Church, Oakland, this summer will be President Blaisdell of Pomona College, the Rev. Frank Scudder of Hawaii, and the Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento. Dr. Brush, formerly pastor of the first Presbyterian Church of Alameda, is to preach next Sunday morning. Annual Choir Night next Sunday evening.

The Rev. Dr. Aked goes next week for a prolonged stay in Glacier National Park. Sunday morning, June 21, the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon; in the evening by the Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda. June 28th the Rev. G. L. Marsh of Bloomington, California, will preach both morning and evening. Then for several Sundays, the Rev. George Laughton, of Hilo, Hawaii. Again, on August 16, Mr. Marsh will preach. Arrangements have not yet been made for August 23 and 30. Dr. Aked will return for the first Sunday in September.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PASADENA.

Last Sunday evening Dr. Fox delivered the baccalaureate message for Throop Polytechnic Institute, taking as his theme, "The Moral Value of a Lofty Purpose."

Twelve persons were received into membership at the morning service, five of these by confession.

The women's societies held their last all-day session of the season, June 5th. Afternoon parlor meetings will be held during the summer. The all-day meeting has well sustained its reputation, the attendance being uniformly much larger than the membership of either Aid or Missionary Society, and the programs equalling those of any woman's club.

The Aid Society has continued its monthly "magazine," the Southwest Breeze, which has had this year, besides editorials and locals, a domestic department and one for current events. A "cover page" has also been a feature of each number, that for last month being a huge flower-trimmed May basket carried by little girls in pink and white, and containing a smiling baby girl.

The latest meeting of the Men's Club was the popular annual occasion when the ladies are asked to provide the program after enjoying the excellent catering of the gentlemen. The evening has usually been one of merriment, but on this occasion the ladies departed from their usual custom and gave a program of earnest, thoughtful speeches intended to demonstrate their fitness to use the ballot.

"Our Part" was the general theme, and the speakers responded to such subjects as "Our Part in Patriotism," "Our Part in California Dry," "Our Part in Pasadena's Past and Future," and "Our Part in the Church," closing with a toast to "Our Partners, the Men's Club."

The pastor has hit upon a most happy scheme to strengthen the bond between his young people and the church. For several Sundays he has invited one and another of the young men of the Christian Endeavor Society to give a five-minute talk just before the morning sermon, on the work of the Society, giving at the same time the announcements for the day and the invitation to young people in the congregation to attend the Endeavor meetings. This publicity campaign has resulted not only in strengthening the young people's work, but in refreshing the older members of the congregation by the touch of unconventionality given to the service. A similar plan is being carried out in the Bible School. L. M. A.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The spring meeting held at Pittsburgh, Thursday, June 4, opened at 11 a. m., Miss Laura N. Richards, president of the branch, presiding.

Prayer was offered by Miss Gertrude Barker. The report of the last meeting, given by Miss Pendleton, recording secretary of the Union, was accepted and ordered placed on file.

The report of Mrs. O. W. Lucas, treasurer of the Union, and of Mrs. E. A. Evans, treasurer of the branch, were read, approved and ordered placed on file.

Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, Secretary of Literature for the Union, spoke of new leaflets, and of the Home Mission Calendars issued this year for the first time; also of the Study Book, The New America.

Giving the titles of the coming text-books, "Red Man's Land" and "Missionary Women and the Social Question," Mrs. O'Brien spoke most enthusistically of Mt. Hermon Federate School, urging attendance, July 20-25 for pleasure, inspiration and instruction.

Mrs. R. C. Young, Secretary of Literature for the Branch, offered free literature especially on Brousa, where the school building for which we are raising $500 is located. She also urged securing the Calendar issued by the Foreign Boards conjointly. Those of us who use the two calendars wonder how others do without them. "The Child in Our Midst," by Mrs. M. L. Laborie, is the text-book on Foreign Missions for the coming year.

Miss Alice M. Flint, Corresponding Secretary of the Branch, introduced the Associational Secretaries present: Mrs. T. T. Sayre (Bay East), Mrs. St. John (Upper Bay), Mrs. M. L. Drury (Central and San Joaquin-, and Mrs. Raymond O'Connor (Sacramento). Short reports were also given from Mrs. Clara Worken (Bay, West) and Mrs. W. C. Day (Sonoma). All these secretaries are hard at work, and we congratulate the auxiliaries on having such leaders.

Mrs. Wagner gave to us The Missionary Alphabet, most ingeniously arranged to fix in our minds the names of our mission stations, our missionaries, with suggestions of their daily tasks and their devoted service.

Miss M. T. Ledyard, who two years since went to Foochow as our Kindergarten Training Teacher, told us of the revelation of China's needs, which those years had brought to her. There are but thre well-equipped kindergarten training schools. "Yet," said Miss Ledyard, "the work for little Chinese children can be done effectively only by native women. No foreigner can fully understand them." She impressed upon us the importance of the Kindergarten Department on the Girls' College at Foochow. There are comparatively few girls seeking the higher college courses, but there is a demand, as well as crying need for systematic, thorough training of kindergarten teachers.

Following the social hour, spent around the tables where a delicious luncheon was served by the ladies of the church, the afternoon session opened at 1:30.

Mrs. George Armstrong led in a most helpful devotional service.

Mrs. C. A. Kofoid, Secretary of Young People's Work, gave us a glimpse of a class picnic, where her girls arranged a pageant of Africa, in the time of Livingston, whose life they had been studying.

Mrs. E. W. Piper brought one of her ever-cheering and encouraging reports of The Cradle Roll.

Miss Richards announced the annual meeting of The Woman's Board of the Pacific, to be held in San Francisco, September 2; also the Missionary Education gathering at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, July 3-12. Mrs. F. B. Perkins gave a brief statement of the aim and plans of the Union, illustrating by charts and map.

Then came a part of the program prepared by Mrs. W. H. Cooke, the wife of the Pittsburg pastor. Those American children welcoming their foreign brothers and sisters through the gate to our own land, their songs, the life stories of the little people from other countries and our singing together of America was a study in Immigration, which none of us will ever forget.

That most hospitable entertaining church also gave us two musical selections during the afternoon.

Dr. Susan B. Tallman, our medical missionary in China since 1905 delighted the children with her vivid picture of life among the people she loves so well. The hearts of children and older ones were stirred with the accounts of the suffering inflicted on the sick by ignorant native treatment. "The little ones must be saved," said Dr. Tallmon, "for it is in the children that the hope of China lies."

Rev. L. D. Rathbone came to us with a rousing message of patriotism. Imperfect understanding between the American and the immigrant is the greatest drawback in our service for those coming to our shores.

Turning to the quotation on the wall, "The business of the twentieth century is to help the races to get acquainted," Mr. Rathbone said: "We must do this, not by proxy, but by proximity; not by purse, but by person."

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was accepted and the resolutions adopted.

Mr. Cooke spoke a few words of personal testimony as to the value of true friendship, and dismissed us with the benediction.

L. T. P.

HALF WOMAN AND ONE HALF DREAM.

O woman, you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men; these are ever endowing you with beauty from their hearts.

Poets are weaving for you a web with threads of golden imagery; painters are giving your form ever new immortality.

The sea gives its pearls, the mines their gold, the summer gardens their flowers to deck you, to cover you, to make you more precious.

The desire of men's hearts has shed its glory over your youth.

You are half woman and one-half dream.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it. —Jean Ingelow.

Many a guilty man escapes because he is so small he goes right through the net.

For The Children.

THE MOST "HONORABLE MENTION."

Dorothy and Uncle Ralph were having one of their twilight talks. It was Saturday evening.

"How about the essay, Dot? Did you finish it?"

"Yes." Dorothy sighed a little. "Yes, Uncle Ralph, I finished.

"And will take the prize?"

"Uncle Ralph!" Dorothy's voice was reproachful and protesting. "It isn't fair to make fun of me; and you know very well I never dreamed of taking the prize for anything. But I'll tell you"—this confidentially—"I did rather hope I might succed in getting "honorable mention." You and father would have been just a little proud of that, wouldn't you? But"—

"Well?"

'Nothing, only it did seem as if there were nothing but interruptions from the moment I sat down with my paper and pen. First, there was Nora to ask something about the puff tarts—as if any other dessert wouldn't have done just as well to-day. Then Clarice came with her doll's bonnet-strings in a knot that must have taken at least ten minutes to untie; and directly after her Fred, with a button off his coat. Before I had finished the second page, little Kitty Conrow ran in to ask my advice about the trimming of her hat; and Harry, to see if I could not do something for his kite, and—oh, I can't tell you half of them! Even mother had to come once. Poor mother!—she was so sory to disturb me; but I don't think one of the others thought it mattered a bit. Positively I felt quite cross sometimes. Now, what kind of an essay could a girl write under those circumstances,—a girl like me, you know, who isn't very clever any way? I did my best, but there'll be no 'honorable mention' for Dorothy Evans!"

'I don't know, Dot." Uncle Ralph spoke reflectively. "Having to stay in this corner,—that's the bother of a broken-leg, you know,—I can't help hearing a good many things. I heard Nora, for instance, saying to herself, as she came away from the library door this morning: 'Bless Miss Dorothy's heart for a rale lady!' And I heard Clarice singing her doll to sleep in the little rockingchair yonder. The tune of her lullaby was 'Sweet Galilee," but the words were just 'Dear Dor-o-thy! dear Dor-o-thy!' over and over. And it must have been your neighbor Kitty whose voice I heard under the window, telling some one delightedly that Dorothy had given her 'just the loveliest idea' for her hat! At any rate, it was Harry, and no other, who was declaring so emphatically to his playmates, 'I tell you, fellows, our Dot's a brick!' Fred, too—Fred said to me, as he was going out to the office this afternoon: 'Have you ever noticed what pretty hands Dorothy has, Uncle Ralph? I have thought of the very thing for a graduation present for her!' "

"It's a silver thimble!" laughed Dorothy, who is an October child, and was longing for an opal ring.

"It's no such thing. But I never tell secrets. I was only going to say that the best of all the things I heard today was the ring in your mother's voice when she said, 'Dorothy is such a comfort!' Won't that do for 'honorable mention,' Dot?"

"I should think it would!" There was a little quiver in Dorothy's low voice, and the brown head went down on

the arm of the invalid's chair. "Why, Uncle Ralph, it's beter than the prize itself, if only"—and then she could say no more at all, but Uncle Ralph understood.

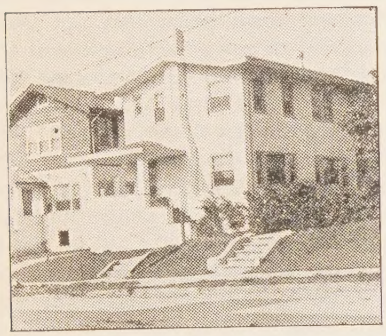
What do you think about it, girls? This, at least, is the kind of 'honorable mention' that every girl can earn.—Boys and Girls.

They bade me rest in work already done.
"To rest?" I cried, "when work is but begun!"
For howsoever fair a deed of mine,
The deeds unwrought that deed outshine!
—Edith M. Thomas.

Many a man who strives to emulate the busy bee only succeeds in getting stung.

This Picture is one of two

MODERN HOUSES



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